UMBILICAL

ISSUE 4

INVOKE

The God HOYS

SHEMSHELLEY

DISCORD

Unsheathe your dagger definitions

INVOKE THE GOD HOVIS

I

Dreaming of rough spider sex in evening tar
—masturbation rot in minds genitalia
black pod viscera discharge

pulsating madness—

Octopus penis head tentacles draped
around tower
head split open by
Lightning bolt from solar cyanide

purple brain tissues
spongy texture leaking black-light acid

Horned God up to no good
down from land
invoke necromantic nihilism
invokes mollusc time shortening—

Octopus pleasure centres vibrate darkness
with nothing inside, surface ecstatic all over

spider legs sink into soft flesh like butter
cloud ritual and god particles trickling into obscenity.

Nearly time to invoke the
God hovis

II

And brain exposes fingertips, undulating outward
skin black as genocide of stars
back turned—eternal shunning
crawling with blind lice, stale moments sink

consciousness stolen—

given to limited protoplasm
Hovis appears in rainwater vision
breathing, engraved by ignoble minds

Crucifixion of spider martyr,
—slithering Silver star above
body draped in net of sin

Destroyer of Rhythm—lashes out

reaches for Sol
past cosmic filth
—In the name of Hovis

III

At the beginning
crying Copulation in the insect horror machine
gave heavy deranged birth
—gushing tide of grey cockroach bile—
to eventual etching and form

lives distraught
hard Purple flesh tightens around twin moon
erection of Eight symbols
—It's born again

In madness of repressed world
as invoked by rapture—

reduce peddlers of Bronze to
orifice of Distant new age

to decree a murderer of monotheism
to polish emptiness
in soaking of crystal taboo

the God Hovis—
Invoked in raw flesh.

THOSE INTERNAL SCREAMS

17:00

"Zoned out after the disappointment kicked in. It's still kicking... I'm on the floor in tears and it's still kicking me. Still kicking."

Found that book, the daunted haunted one with the gaunt look written by the taut fraud. Yeah you know the one. The kid with the... in his backyard. He's a bit odd. Yeah. Backwards? But I like him. It was the son. You can't not remember the son... yeah his father was vile. C got him though. Thank god.

White. Yeah you heard me. White like toothpaste white. A second... true. Tiny bird heads? Capes and dancing. Big heads like real ones? In the grottoes? Yeah that proportion is... weird. And red? Odd. How is she anyway? That's good. I like her, warm and full of light. Really? Well she better not. He's done... nothing there. Take out the soul and your'e left with unfettered meat. I see where he ends up. All the way down.

BLÓT OUT THE SUN

And back again. One is sleep and two is the norm, Boneyan are the three and in four I am here. Your reason in the horizon—one in the same—the famous noet. This is all a game to win and he smiles. How dare he smile. But, it's a little beware kind truncate memories. I have that petit flame from chains and the nation under wood, under secret sign. I don't know I'll check the obituaries. Eliminate this lock, ode to the sinking feeling.

Betrayed in some way. Prayed in another. No helping had to dogs.

"AGMM AGMM AGMM" – CHANT OF MY PEOPLE

I looked in the air. The Talis man looms. Borrowed it and declined until the world is better. Manifest back home—and the clock strikes sitting in the heat. Spits out long worm with steaming black metal spine. Soft white surface melts into milkhot blister bubbling. Black numbers constellation on white space hits floor. Tiles unnerved. No one can see. All numbers. All possible variations. His eternally grateful.

Dee full lute (Sun) mow dye newt (sleeps) Orc (fire).

SEPAULCHRE

Searching for Machen in mouth of memories,

Near to home lost in nightly inhale,

Paradise of mazes subtle in design,

Past the pale the imposters and the unspeakable,

Stars in the shadows glittering on ground,

Standing at shuddering house unlike the rest,

He speaks in silence speaks of secret,

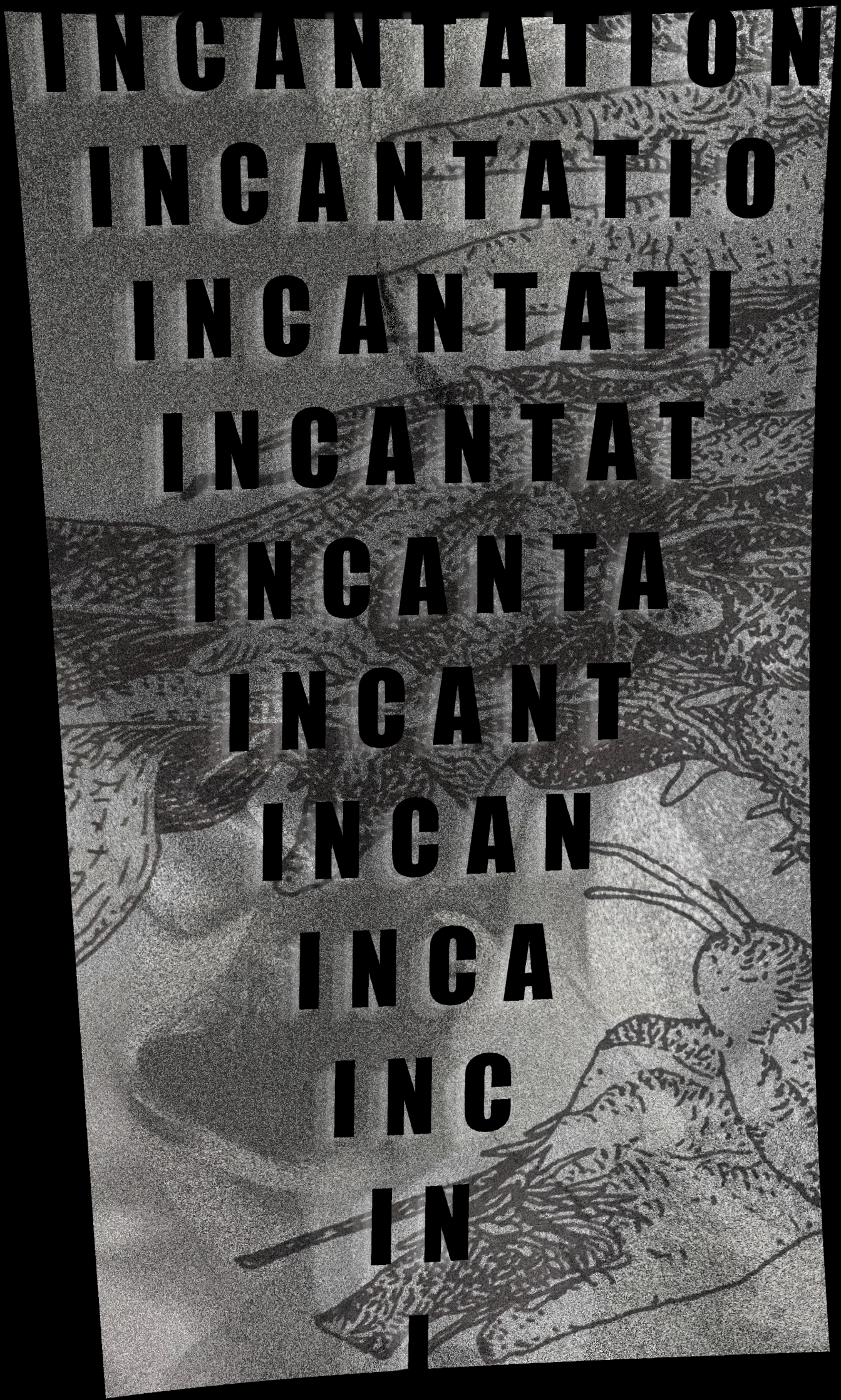
What is below in the attic I cannot know,

Pockets of emptiness swell in titan flames,

Pogrom of intelligence leaps forward,

Dreams of a dark world,

I dare not look up.


INCANTATION
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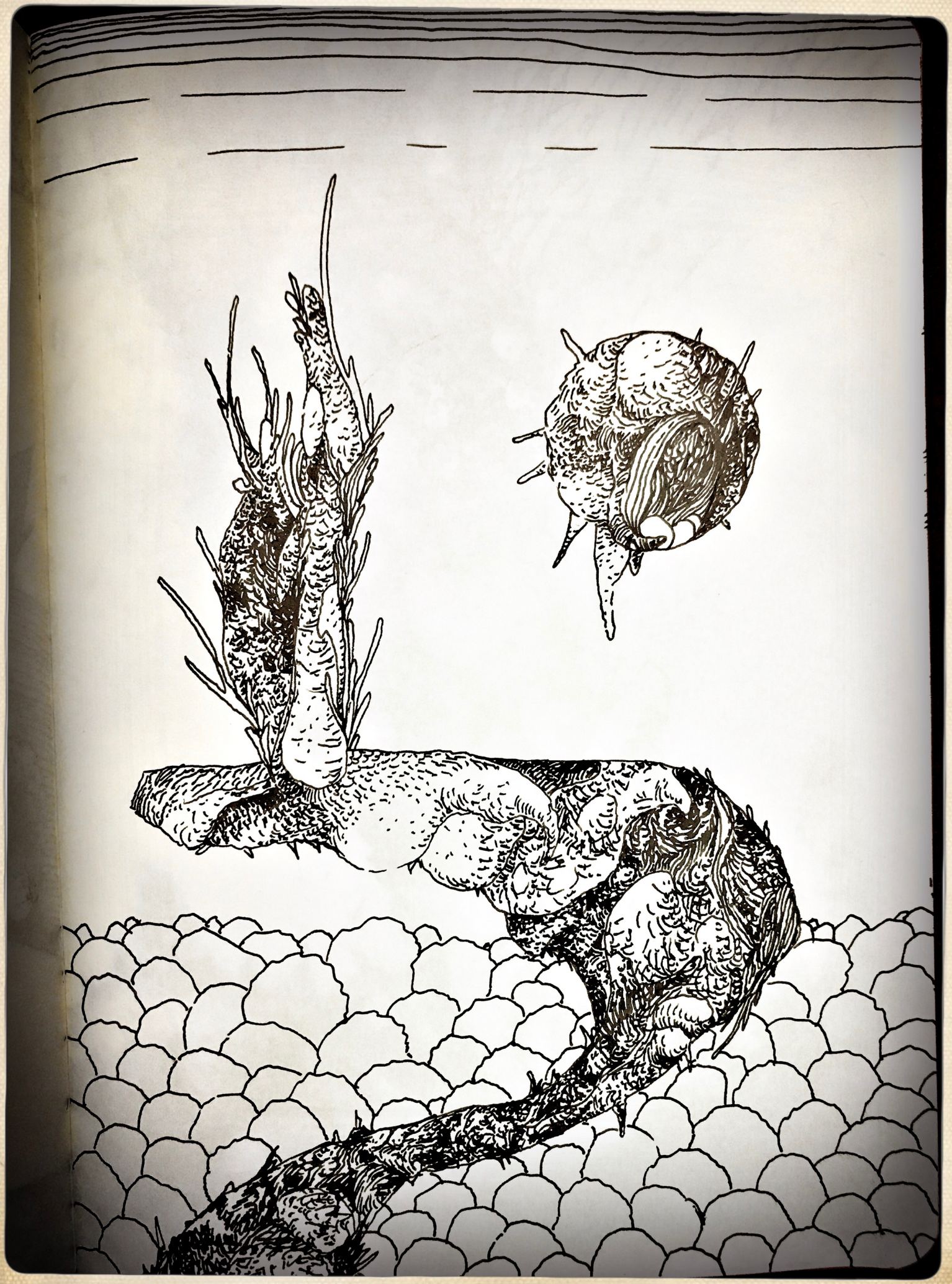
I

—What is it?
—The Pneumatik scan of Earth we sent.
—And it only just returned?
—Yes badly damaged from anti-vegetal emanations that scarred the probe.
—I have no understanding of what it shows.
—Neither do our specialists.
—Wasted attempt?
—No, there is something here. Something in the black coils of photometry acid we retrieved. Deep analysis is occurring in the Mineral Zone Facility.
—How long until analysis is complete?
—No less than 1757 romons.
—When it's finished, find KARLA and give it the results. I must get back to my watch.



LAST MAN ALIVE

chapter4

HEX ENDUCTION HOUR

A fierce and formless battle with the
Spectacle.
Entrance burst wildly open
Virus fatigue within me—a part of me
It's fighting my core, my creased fabric
My body weeps a thousand miseries,
Fighting the very flesh that was supposed
to hold.

Ecstatic colours, florid images and violent
patterns
All of it in dancing flames on the wall.
Lingering memories of labyrinthine
manipulation—
Light crumbles, showing hints of
revelation,
And the dead souls
No love lost.

Inch by inch
Ideas that don't belong—have never
belonged
Ideas of artificial worlds, streaming in
tainted river
Mediocre demiurge, a hand gripping your
throat.

An unfettered Spectacle

Universe flattened
Become a mirror image,
Grand flurry of illuminated stars, shining
in dull night,
Pinholes seeping sterile light.

Always someone on the other side.

I've become a receiver of signals
Transmitting the death signal–

Images explode–secondhand emotions
Expand to block view

I've lost to them.
My existence depleted of light
–if there was a light
Imaginary operators built into words,
A ghastly weight, medallion of planetary
constraint.

I see the runes rich in vanity, fading as
clouds unfold
And I see the Spectacle for the first time,
A mangled face, shadowy jaws clenched
Riddled with dark rituals.

A dream cult, ageless and uncovered
Guardians of sleep.

The journey is over.
Transmission complete.
The signal has been received.
Time to step.
Over and
Out

EXERCISE TO CURE HOMESICKNESS OF THE MOON

Sometimes we feel homesick for places we haven't physically been to, with the Moon being the most significant example. Most dreams are geographically located on the Moon so it's not an uncommon feeling to miss the moonlit shadows of the Lunar landscape.

EXERCISE

First make a necklace of Moons by getting some green and black grapes and cut them in half. Use thread or a thin rope to thread the Moons together, one side green, the other black and create 28 Moons on your necklace.

Secondly an incantation must be prepared. To speak the language of the Moon one must abandon logic and open a random book at a random page and note down the first word they see. Do this seven times with random books to create your incantation.

Finally on a day that shares the same date as your birthday, go for a walk first thing in the morning after waking up. You must abandon the concept of time and walk aimlessly. If you come across a cat on your walk, then return home after bowing in appreciation to the cat. If you don't see a cat and you feel the need to return home, then try again the next month.

On the Moonrise head to the highest possible place of where you live wearing the necklace of Moons. Repeat your incantation as you focus on undoing the gravitational field holding you on Earth. Once you begin to float, follow your instincts straight to the Moon.

UMBILICAL DISCO PLAYLIST 2

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SHEM SHELLEY IS HUMANITIES LAST HOPE AT SURVIVING. LISTEN TO HIS WORDS YE MIGHTY AND DESPAIR! OR NOTHING WILL REMAIN.

DTH

NEWTON
SLEEPS
EUCLID
SNORES
ARISTOTLE
IS AWAKE